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SELECTED TALES.

From the French of Paul Descubes de Lascaux.

THE BRAÇELET.

I.

Count Henry des Essarts was a young man of fashion, refinement, and elegant manner. He was not handsome: yet he pleased. His fortune and his name opened all doors for him, and the polite world never met without him. Not a day passed but he received new invitations; he was the king of entertainments. Like all people whose only thought is themselves, he was not well informed, but yet knew how to acquire a thousand pleasing manners, such as take with the ladies. He composed music, wrote verses, and sketched tolerably well, three great qualities indispensably necessary in the eyes of the lady-rulers of our day. When any one sung, he would stand by the piano. If literature were the conversation, he would recite verses, not like the poet whose sole desire is to win himself a name; but when complimented, he would carelessly say "it is a weakness." In addition to these accomplishments, he could paint a flower or two upon an album, and by this means was able to hold such correspondence with the ladies as others were debarred from.

One day, as he was stretched upon his divan a domestic brought him a letter which he opened.

"Ah!" said he after having read it, "Madam Delauny is not displeased then. She invites me to her party this evening, I will go." Then turning to his domestic, "John," said he, "has any one called for me this morning?"

"No, sir," replied the lackney, as he arranged a bunch of flowers which filled the room with their fragrance.

"There that will do!"

Throwing the stump of his segar into the fire, he then began to dress. The day seemed long to him. A secret presentiment made him long for the party, though he was not in the habit of longing for anything; and as soon as a suitable hour arrived, set out.

II.

It was in the month of February, and Madame Delaunay's rooms were illuminated with a thousand lamps. The carriages increased at the door, and beautiful ladies, attended by their musked, laced, white-gloved gallants, were every moment arriving. The fashionable world were altogether. At the announcement of Count des Essarts there was a general agitation. The ladies cast a glance at their dresses, the gentlemen looked at their partners, and soon the Count entered.—After having gone through the required ceremonies, he took the arm of a young man and they were lost in the crowd.—They repaired to a distant room, and there began to converse as usual.

"Upon my word," said the young man, "your arrival is very opportune."

"How is that?" said Henry des Essarts: "to witness your success, Emmanuel! But I never hesitated."

"No. To sustain your reputation in my eyes."

"Really! That is a challenge, then?"

"A challenge? Among the beauties who are squeezed and suffocated to death here, there is a young girl, whose timid air attracts the attention . . ."

"Is she bashful?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And handsome?"

"Beautiful as one of Raphael's heads."

"Very well! Without doubt you have conversed with her. And what shall I do for you!"

"None of your joking now. I have spoken with her, and danced with her, but the place is well guarded. She keeps by her mother's side, too, and then she seems not to understand my compliments."

"And because you have failed, you would . . .

"But that you will fail too. Her virtues are impregnable.

"I doubt it," murmured the Count.

"Try it," replied Emmanuel.

"You wish it. Very well, lead me to this young girl."

"Yes. But I must have some proof of your success, and when will you give one?"

"In fifteen days. She wears a bracelet without doubt?"

"Yes."

"Well, let that bracelet be a token that she has promised me her hand."

"I accept it," replied Emmanuel laughing; "but if you don't succeed, as I think will be the case, I will tell the adventure."

"You have full liberty to do that. But they are beginning to waltz. Let us go in."

They returned to the parlor, and the Count waltzed with the young girl whom Emmanuel had pointed out to him.

This young person was the daughter of an officer who fell at Waterloo. Having been brought up at St. Dennis, she had received a finished education, but, being without fortune, her position was by no means brilliant, and her mother, Madame Duviver, hoped that by throwing her into society, she might find a husband who was worthy of her, and who might bring her a fortune. The girl was pretty, well-informed, and sensible, and her mother said to herself that a rich man would be to make to her happiness; treasure for treasure. So she decided that she would attend parties, and that night Miss Athenais Duvivier made her appearance for the first time. She was pretty and a brunette. Her look was animated, though mingled with a melancholy which could not but inspire interest. There was a feeling in her whole expression. Henry, as he waltzed with her, repeated to her a thousand things with that infinite grace of which he was master; and when the young girl returned to her mother, the Count instead of leaving her, took his seat at her side. He spoke of music, the theatre, the fashions, and then turning to Madame Duvivier, he lamented with her over the empire, and related to her the disasters of Waterloo.

Dancing commenced, and Athenais was again his partner: and after having studied her character, he saw that this young girl longed for a friend who would soon be more than that to her; he offered himself. He spoke words of sweetness and of flattery to the poor girl, and learned how to regulate his conduct so as to conform to her liking. When the party broke up, he attended Athenais and Madame Duviver to their home, and after asking their permission to call upon them occasionally, he left them, assured that the bracelet would be his. Athenais was sad and pensive, and Madame Duvivier was already forming her plans.

III.

Madame Duvivier's house was very lonesome. She had little company, and so Athenais lived in comparative solitude. Her character, which was inclined directly to the romantic, assumed each day a new form. At one time irony rendered her made with joy, at another, sorrow made her sad. The time was arrived when this girl stood in need of sincere love. The soul seeks a soul, and Count des Essarts was welcome. Two days had passed since the evening of the ball, and yet Athenais could not drive from her thought the young man, who was so true, so sincere, so compassionate. Madame Duvivier, on her side, as she had conceived hopes, spoke to her daughter of the Count, and as much from her memory as from hearing his name mentioned, she asked why he did not come.

Henry presented himself at Madame Duvivier's, and was received with esteem, with pleasure. Poor mother! Poor child! He had found means to whisper with Athenais, and by a strange coincidence, they were both at Madame Delaunay's again that very evening.

Among the persons who called at Madame Duvivier's a young painter was the most attentive in his visits. Obliging toward the mother, affable to the young girl, he was soon able to conciliate the friendship of both; he was all but one of the family. He came one evening, and by chance Count des Essarts was there at the same time. This man displeased him. He had heard him spoken of, and his presence in that house astonished him. "The eagle with the dove," said he to himself. "It was time for me to be here."

The Count paid him little attention, but the young artist knew how to understand many movement which the mother had no suspicion of. He saw the influence which that man was exercising over that young and susceptible mind, he saw the extent of her danger, and when the Count took his leave he found means to converse with the young girl.

"Athenais," said he, "I must speak with you without any one being present."

"And why, Julius?" asked the young girl.

"Silence!"

"I am at your service!"

When they were alone, for madame Duvivier justly placed confidence in Julius, the young man took Athenais by the hand.

"Athenais," said he, "a great danger threatens you."

"What danger, Julius? you alarm me."

"You have listened to that man who just left here, have you not?"

"Julius!"

"Do not blush, Athenais. It is a friend who speaks to you, a devoted friend, whom God has thrown in your road to cry out to your courage and prudence. That man knows how to divine emotions, he understands woman's hearts, and trifles with them too. He has seen, and he has said to himself: I must create in the bosom of that fair one a first love, holy and deep, she must love me and tell me so, and then I will laugh in her face, and I will break her as a flower is crushed when we have breathed its odors!"

"Oh! that is impossible."

"Yes, Athenais, I know him, that man. He spoke honied words to you, did he not? And you, poor child without reflection, you have believed him. Words have been to your heart like remedies which sooth for a moment, but after burn forever. Beware, Athenais; this Count is a villian. Tell me that you do not love him."

"Oh! Julius, why would you not have me love this man. I feel attachment, interest for him."

"And soon it will be love. You have known the Count for but twelve days, and already you are thoughtful and long for his visits."

"Julius!"

"I have divined all, have I not? But I too love; I, too, long for the days, the hours, the minutes!"

And he looked into the young girl's face with fervor, as he said so.

"Distrust that man," he repeated; "he trifles with the honor of women. He will not love you in secrecy and mystery. You will be known to all, and if you suffer the oaths which he has made to you, to penetrate into your heart, he will tell abroad that you are his mistress!"

"Oh! he would not dare to!"

"He would dare anything to gratify his self-love."

"Julius," murmured Athenais, "your confidence makes me feel badly."

"May Heaven grant that it is in season," replied the young artist.

Madame Duvivier entered. The conversation became general; and when Julius retired, he reminded Athenais of his confidence.

IV.

Fourteen days had rolled away since Madame Delaunay's ball, and Count Henry des Essarts, reclining in an immense arm chair, was presiding at a dinner which he had given to a number of his friends. They were already warmed with wine, and the wit and humored flowed freely, when Emmanuel suddenly started up.

"Well, Henry," said he, to-morrow your term expires!"

"What term?" cried the guests.

"For getting the bracelet."

Emmanuel then related the challenge.

"Upon my word," cried one, "it is a story worthy of the regency. Count Henry, do you pay the wager?"

"I accepted the challenge, gentlemen, and you know that I am always good to my promise. To-morrow, at this hour—three o'clock—you shall have the bracelet, Emmanuel!"

"And I shall consider you a perfect Lovelace," replied the young man, "but where shall we meet?"

"Here."

"You understand it, gentlemen. To-morrow, at three o'clock."

The friends separated.

When the Count was left to himself, he began to reflect. The night before, he had seen Athenais at Madame Delaunay's, and she had received him coldly. "What am I to do?" he thought. There is very little time left. But no matter. I swear that my self-esteem shall not be wounded for this small circumstance. Either by force or stratagem she shall be mine!—Determination is man. I must repair to Madame Duvivier's, for I have but twenty-four hours remaining."

He dressed himself and left the house.

Julius, on his side, had obtained information of what was going on—and Emmanuel, whom he had met, had told him of the bet, inviting him to come next day, to the appointed place of meeting.

It was to the young man, like the spark, which as it shines forth, announces the fire. He recalled to his mind the ball—the fifteen days—the visits which the Count had made Athenais—and the reality was revealed to him.

"Indeed!" said he, "Presentiment rarely deceives. Let me go to Madame Duvivier's. Perhaps I shall save her child."

Count Henry was received, by Madame Duvivier, with her usual politeness. Athenais did not notice him.

Julius' confidence had produced a good effect, and the young girl had already perceived that the Count's language was too flattering to be sincere. "When one loves," thought she, "one is silent, for emotion stifles. But the Count is always complimenting me, and talking."

Notwithstanding this cold reception, Henry was not disheartened. He took a seat near the piano, while Athenais was engaged in arranging her jewels. The first thing that struck the Count's attention, was the bracelet.

Julius entered.

"I am come in season," he murmured.

"This man always," thought the Count.

They bowed to each other with disdain. Conversation began, but Julius did not take his eyes off the Count.

"Miss," said Henry, "will you be so good as to sing one of those ballads, as you do it so admirably?"

Athenais blushed, and looked at Julius as if to ask his permission—and, assisted by him, sung the ballad. The Count lavished a thousand eulogies upon the performance—and, at the moment when he thought that no one was looking, he seized the bracelet, which lay under a pile of music. This done, he rose to retire, but as he advanced to the door, Julius prevented his going out.

"You shall not go out, sir Count!" said the artist.

"What does this mean, sir?"

"Julius," said Madame Duvivier, "what do you intend to do?"

"There is a robber here!" replied Julius.

"A robber!"

"And you are the man, sir Count!"

"Rascal!" replied Henry, turning pale.

"You have stolen Athenais' bracelet!"

"My bracelet!" said Athenais, running to the piano. "Indeed, it is not here."

"Your accusation," said the Count, merits reparation. My honor. . . ."

"Silence!" replied Julius.

And seizing the Count, he drew the bracelet from his hands.

"What do you think of your honor now, sir Count?"

The Count sat down exhausted.

"Robber!" murmured Athenais.

"We must have him arrested," said Madame Duvivier.

"No madame, replied Julius, "I do not wish to send Mr. Count to the galleys, though a theft of confidence richly deserves it. But this is an affair between us. Have I lied, sir?" he asked.

"The Count was unable to reply; anger choked him. At last he said:

"All is true!"

"I knew very well you were a villian, but I did not believe you so base! Begone, Mr. Count, and do not forget that your friends will be in waiting for you to-morrow. Try to get that bracelet. I might furnish you with a chain, but God will judge."

And taking the Count by the shoulders, he put him out of doors.

"Julius," said Madame Duvivier, "but this man may still injure my daughter's reputation."

"If you permit it, madame," replied Julius, "he shall not speak of my wife."

"What! Do you love my daughter?"

"You see how it is. I have saved her!"

"Very well. I leave it to her to do as she may please."

Athenais looked at her mother. There are looks which contain all one's soul.—Madame Duvivier seized her daughter's hand, and, giving it to Julius, said:

"Be my son-in-law."

Julius pressed the hand which was given him.

"You will forget him, will you not, Athenais?"

"To love you alone, Julius. You are generous and good."

"It is because I have not lived in the world. That it is which makes one pitiless."

Laying Hold of the Promises.—"So you liked to have been drowned, Tom, eh? Pray what did you think when you were clinging to the bottom of the boat?"

Oh! bless you, I thought I was taking my last look at the land, and never tho't to have been here now."

"Why, Tom, you ought to have *laid hold on the Promises.*"

"Promises! why, what kind of promises is there for a fellow like me?"

"Why, the very best kind of promise, to be sure—"he that is born to be hung will never be drowned!"

The world, from the first to our last is a bad school, and the whole of life has but one great purpose—education.

Short Patent Sermon.

The following is my text for this morning:—

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

My hearers—when Adam "put his foot in it," he stirred up a stench that will continue to stink in the nostrils of Heaven to the very end of duration. He polluted the whole moral atmosphere of the world, and what is more melancholy still, the rank effluvium grows stronger as time rolls on. By the fall of this one man, down went the whole triangle of pins upon the alley of creation!—from nimself, at the point, to the last generation at the base, it was'n perfect ten strike. When he fell, "what a fall was there my countryman!" White winged Virtue came fluttering down, like a wounded pigeon, to be trodden upon, and kicked about by the feet of the vile—Innocence rolled out its cradle upon a bed of briars—Charity pulled up her petticoats and waded through mud and mire, to get beyond the sight of the suffering—Truth, in trying to run, tumbled over a lawyer's argument, and became a cripple forever—pots of piety were upset: the casks of mercy sprank a leak, and lost two thirds of its contents—rocks of retribution rolled down from the mountains of wrath, and came near fighting. Oh! my friends that was an awful catastrophe! but, thank Heaven, there is no chance for another such fall!

My friends—perhaps you don't know how much you have been injured by apostacy of your primeval progenitors?—how different you would have been had they kept as straight as poplars? The swift whistling wheels of time have, ever since, thrown up increased and increasing quantities of sinful mud. From generation to generation the road becomes muddier and muddier; and it sometimes makes me grin to think what pretty looking birds mankind will be when they arrive at the last generation!—bad enough now, in all conscience. They must look inwardly as a hen looks outwardly, when rescued from drowning in a swill barrel. But you my friends—how does your mortal toggery appear in the eyes of righteousness? Why, you are enough to make a crying hyena throw up his breakfast with laughter. Your hat of holiness wants a new crown, a new brim, and considerable brushing to be decent for a barbarian.—Your fine linen of virtue is covered with tobacco juice, beer slobberings and the remains of a disgusting debauchery. The coat of your character looks passably well at a distance, but closer to, it is found to be greasy about the collar, out at the elbows, and thread bare, even to the stitches of vanity. Your breeches of benevolence are pocketless, thin, and short at both ends. Your boots of faith are down at the heels, gaping at the toes, and cracking for the want of wisdom, and with all this loaferish, sin-debauched, poverty gnawed, hell-singed attire, you sport a flashy vest of pride as though you were sufficiently well arrayed throughout to attend a wedding in paradise. Perhaps I bear too hard upon you— but I can't help it, as the cart wheel said to the pig.

My dear, sin saddled brethren—you all have to suffer amazingly in consequence of the downfall of primitive virtue and innocence. Because Adam sinned, you do enough of the same to dam up the stream of salvation, and keep the devil's grist mill a going to eternity. By his fall the seeds of perenniel sin become sown in your hearts, to produce in some sixty, some seventy, and in some, one hundred fold—according to the richness of the soil and the carelessness of the professor—for this kind of vegetable always thrives best in the deep shades of negligence. Now friends, this seed is planted in your bosoms, and you can't get it out, any more than you can pull a woodchuck out of a stone wall by the tail—it's decidedly *there!*—but I'll tell you what you *can* do; watch vigilantly till the first young shoot appears, and then snap it off. Can't wait till it gets to be a tree, for then you may lack the resolution to fell it. So, in like manner, look after all the weeds of iniquity that grow about the heart as thick as pusley in a bean patch. Then will the plants of virtue, love and truth have a chance to thrive, drawing nourishment from a rich and gracious soil, and flourishing in the sunshine of divine favor.

Yes, my friends, you must have your coats off, and keep digging—quit the poisoned lowlands of vice, and move your residences up hill, a little nearer to God.—There breathe a pure atmosphere—partake of pleasures that never cloy—look down with contempt upon Beelzebub and all his minions, and rejoice in the knowledge that, although the whole world is nearly prostrate with sin sickness, you may manage to keep braced up by such tonics as were prescribed of old by the Physician of all physicians. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

Card Playing.

The "Star in the West," a paper published in Cincinnatti, Ohio, contains some very good advice against this prevailing amusement. We hope those of our readers who now play for *amusement* only, will read the following and reflect on their future destiny—

"The evils flowing from the above habit are sufficient to justify every advocate of good morals in protesting against it. The wise and good of all sects and parties have almost unanimously decided against it—and its supporters are few and feeble in argument for it.

There are two principal reasons which may be successfully urged against card playing, even for amusement. The first is, that there are much better amusements—for as there is nothing gained intellectually or morally in the shuffling of cards, the time devoted to it must be set down as lost. It does not instruct the head in anything useful—it does not improve the heart—it does not improve the temper, but the reverse; and upon the social circle it has a very unfavorable influence, by taking from it the members whose conversation might enliven and interest.—The players themselves are not much more to those around than so many sticks and stones, for their attention is absorbed in the game before them, which, to the looker on, is devoid of all interest. How much better to be engaged in reading useful books—in storing the mind with useful information, or conversation upon topics with reference to which we must daily act as citizens—fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. In this way we prepare ourselves for the most extended usefulness and promote our real interests. We provide for ourselves not a momentary pleasure, but a fund of enjoyment, upon which we can draw under all the circumstances of our earthly career.

Card playing unfits persons for the common business of life. It ultimately becomes a passion which gives to the mind a distaste for the duties which the stern realities and necesssities around us call it. Young persons in particulars, become so fascinated by the chances of the game, that they care for nothing else. A lady of my acquaintance who played a long time ago, to pass away time occasionally, became so infatuated with it, that she frequently set up most of the night, playing with her acquaintances; and she had a horror to Sunday because it deprived her of the amusement to which she had become as thoroughly wedded as the toper to his cup.

And here we find the principal objection against card playing for amusement. When persisted in, nine times out of ten circumstances being favorable, it leads to *dowaright gambling*—and that the reader knows leads to any number of sins—even to the State's Prison, and up to the gallows. How many ruined young men can trace their habits of gambling back to the paternal roof, when they first played, as they said, for an *innocent* amusement!—Men who are totally ruined, bankrupt in purse and reputation, bear witness that they there obtained their first relish for the evil which produced their downfall.—We hear the warning voice of such on every side. Books and papers abound with the true history of their advance into crime through the influence of cards, games of chance and hazard. The extent to which the passion runs is well illustrated by a fact which occurred at the South a few weeks ago, and which has been freely circulated through the newspapers. A free negro played till he lost every thing he had. He finally set his liberty up against money, and was won by the more skillful gamester with whom he gambled. He staked his freedom on a game of cards and lost it!

A practice which embraces the evils which we have named, and in thousands of instances leads to degredation and crime; a practice that brings nobody any present good, and diverts the mind from the useful duties of life, should be frowned upon by every parent and guardian. Taking into view its general tendencies, no one can safely pronounce card playing an innocent amusement, although it may appear so to a vain and giddy head.

I am a friend to amusements, as furnishing relaxation from toil and the perplexing business of life. They ought to be sought indeed as essential to health as well as happiness; but such can be selected as improve rather than degrade the mind. Generally amusements can be blended with instruction. At any rate, they are sufficiently abundant to preclude the necessity of engaging in those which have a deleterious influence.

PALMER SENTINEL.

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TO-DAY.—Speak it softly—sadly!—To-day!—With it the hours are winging the year away. Eighteen hundred and forty-six goes out with the sun,—midnight will seal the volume for eternity, and how thoughtless the world. We could dwell upon the past—and moralize upon the closing year, but our readers would consider the subject more appropriate for the sacred desk than the editorial sanctum. As we have sandals upon our feet, we will not stop to contest the subject with our clerical friends, but submit to their special jurisdiction, and as belonging to the peculiar functions of that profession, we leave the moral part of the subject with them. We believe most of our clergy very appropriately alluded to the value of time in their last Sabbath's discourse. Our province is one of a secular character. To speak of what we see, hear and know; not to dive into the speculating, metaphysical labyrinth of doubt and uncertainty. We proceed, then.

A year ago our Government was nominally at peace with the world—War and blood marked the elements, but fire had not burst forth; now we are at war with a neighboring Republic—the sacked village—the desolate town—the blood-drenched plain marks the course of our victorious arms, while sorrow and sadness sits upon the countenance of many a widowed wife and fatherless child, as the fruit of our crusades. May we not soon hope that the "sword may be beat into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks"—that war may cease and the cause of it die away.

Many, in the past year have lost their friends by disasters at sea—others by the fire of their dwelling, while the stern messenger of death—the scythe of time, has sent countless numbers upon the broad ocean reaching beyond our visions and our thoughts—endless eternity.

Many, in foreign lands, in the deep distress of poverty, have suffered by hunger, while life's pulsation continues to them an unenvied existence.

Many, are burthened by the yoke of bondage—base servitude even in a land of boasted liberty, to them is iron despotism.

Many communities in foreign lands have been visited by a scourge as terrible as the wrath of Heaven—as fearful as *death*.

Many, apparently unconscious of their destiny, have spent their time in idleness, debauchery, and the highways of unmitigated sin—their footsteps going down to death.

Many have spent their hours in luxurious ease, and of their substance enjoyed riotous living.

Many have oppressed the poor while few men of their abundance have rendered them assistance.

Many have turned swindlers and cheated their creditors of their honest dues.

Many a married man has eloped with his neighbor's wife, and for this 1846 will long be remembered; while many have happily married, and many unhappily—and a host of the young and thoughtless have engaged to be, and before the close of another year, will be enchained by the *silken cord!*—which some will think in a few years nothing more than a tow string or cotton warping.

In England the Crown has been blessed with an heir to the throne, No. 5 or 6—and it is whispered as true, that 1847 will witness just such another event. *Will the noble Lords have patience?* Seed time and harvest *is* ordained.

Dickens has written another work—*Dombey & Son*—and we have waded thro' two numbers;—have discovered a vein of wit in three or four of the first paragraphs—and a beautiful sentiment in the last part of the first chapter. In the second chapter there is a few well drawn lines.

But we consider *Dombey & Son* as a whole, a perfect abortion, a book of senseless words costing the English reader only forty thousand pounds—while the *issues* of the crown cost about twice that and to be annually assessed. We think Dickens improves very fast on the Irish scale—backwards.

But how many the past year can reflect that they have *done well?* how many cannot see that they might have done better? Let all repent and forget their misdoings and misspent hours—resolve in future to do as they should to themselves and their neighbors, and faithfully keep their resolutions while the blessings of life are measured to them.

Among the blessings of the past—the invention of printing, the mariners' compass, and the application of steam as an engine of motion, may be numbered among the first. These, however, have been known and appreciated for a great number of years. Among later inventions, are the spinning jenny and the cotton gin; but these *must give way* to the still greater blessing of the nineteenth century—to wit, *Ready made Clothing!!!* We hope our readers will not be inclined to make merry with our remarks, for *we are* serious. The price with which decent, ready made clothing is afforded to the poor, enables them to be comfortable and appear tidy, go to church, and spend their hollidays with light and joyful hearts. Farther, *ready* made clothing is a blessing to the *rich*. Imagine a fellow, throwing upon the *board*, a bundle of well-selected, well-woven and dressed drab, on the twentieth of a November, for an overcoat; and as the tape is giving his dimensions, the *knight of the Shears* is promising to finish his *job* by Wednesday before Thanksgiving;—at the time appointed the patron calls for his coat, shivering with the cold of a Northern climate—the tailor apologizes—a hand is sick—another is to get married—another has been on a fuddle, and various other reasons are given, till satisfaction is rendered by promising the coat by New Years. The patron calls again for his *over-coat*—the tailor presents another list of grievances; the patron begins to realize—not alone, the cold weather without an over-coat, but that his tailor has been dealing in *Websterian metaphors*—that his New Year was SOME NEW YEAR—like some Fourth of July, not yet come. In a word, that his tailor was some like the man, of whom Hudibras in his apostrophe of him says—

> That he, his mouth could not ope,
> But out there flew a trope,
> Or what is sometimes called by a harder name—

But to our subject—it is then a man realizes the blessings of *Ready Made Clothing*. The days are lengthening—cold is strengthening, and a shivering fellow without an over-coat!! If he happens to be a Jew, he resorts to *old clothes* at a pawn slop shop—but if a genuine Yankee, he makes his way to some "celebrated oak hall," where, "for a few dollars" he can dress *a cap a pie*. To be sure, ready made clothing although new, sometimes looks old, because the stitches have the appearance of having been *long* made; but that is of little consequence so long as they render the wearer warm, comfortable and happy. Of all recently invented enterprises, give us "OAK HALL READY MADE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, BOSTON," and its country auxillaries.

Should SIMMONS see fit to consider us, the writer is five foot nine inches, some stooping, but weighs 148 lbs. to an ounce, averdepoise.

THE NEW ENGLANDER, is the title of a new paper recently established at Boston by A. A. MELVIN & Co., at $2 per annum, in advance: From its salulatory, we infer that it is to support the principles of democracy as THEY ARE, without reference to the paralyzing, temporizing, surviling policy of expediency. Its leading editorial is written in a spirit of manly frankness, and its declaration of principles are rendered in a manner of undisguised distinctness, such as formerly characterized the manifestoes of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, when its oracles and Conventions declared Christianity to be the moving spring of Democracy—when the party, manlike, protested against all restraint upon the commercial and industrial pursuits of our country—when the party *expressed* their principles and dared to maintain them. We may differ with the New Englander in some of its sentiments and conclusions, but we believe its propositions will be given so clearly, as not to bewilder in making out the line of difference. Such a result may prove one step in the way of reform. Plain speaking, plain dealing, plain acting is what the people desire. This is what we presume to anticipate for the readers of the New Englander, judging from the number before us.

A letter from Monterey (Mexico), dated Nov. 3, states the murder, on the previous evening, of a negro, belonging to General Taylor. He had been sent some distance from camp, after corn, and when in the field he was attacked by two Mexicans with knives, and brutally murdered. The murderers had been arrested.

We still continue to be under lasting obligations to MR. PARKER, (Conductor on the W. R. R.) for daily papers.

Died in Northampton on Wednesday, the 23d inst., very suddenly, THOMAS SHEPHERD, Esq., aged 67. It was our fortune some several years since to become acquainted with Mr. Shepherd, and from our position we were enabled to cultivate an intimacy with the man which warrants us in speaking of his character.—Northampton distinguished as she is, above all other New England towns for her general intelligence, cannot speak of a man possessed of more general information than did Mr. Shepard, nor do we believe she possesses a *better* citizen than was he. He was a man of great energy of character, which impressed itself upon everything with which he engaged. His political principles were opposite to those of the dominant party of his town, and he was not entrusted with many of its official duties, but at an early period of Gen. Jackson's Administration, he was appointed by that distinguished Patriot, Post Master at Northampton—then a distributing office and one of the most important Post Offices in the State. He filled that station till Gen. Harrison was elected President, and by Harrison removed, or his removal declared. He was re-appointed by President Polk, and continued in office till his death. His political opponents will agree with us, that he discharged his duties with fidelity, promptness and the utmost courtesy. Mr. S. was a man of noble impulses of heart. We know that in Northampton he was by many disliked for his manly, fearless, energetic defence of the political principles he professed. But he never relented,—when his mind was fixed,—his was an *uncenquerable will*—unconquered by threats—undaunted by fear. As we have intimated, and as it may be inferred from the favor he received at the hands of Gen. Jackson, he was an UNCOMPROMISING DEMOCRCT, and from his location in Hampshire county, he had much to contend with. What other man could have done as he has done? Opposed to him in politics were the Strongs, the Bates and the Pomeroys,—men of almost unlimited popularity and influence. But Mr. Shepherd among *them*, was undismayed—of his political party he was the master-spirit—the nucleus of their strength.

The social feelings of Mr. Shephard were of the highest character,—because they were of the best. We well remember when Henry W. Strong, who is now with the dead, was lying in the cold cells of the prison at the instance of a relentless creditor for indebtedness, which by reason of poverty he was unable to discharge—and while the thoughtless conductor of a "FREE PRESS" was heaping upon Mr. *Strong* contumely, Mr. Shepherd with his pen forced public opinion to open the prison doors and let the prisoner go free. Mr. Strong was restored to his family and the mind of Mr. Shepherd unveiled to that community the inhumanity of imprisonment of an honest man for Debt—a barbarous law—the relic of a barbarous age.

Mr. S. had his enemies,—who would not have? *His friendship was sincere.* Those who may be disposed to believe him hypocritical, *knew not the man.* As a personal friend, he was warm, undissembling, lasting. As an enemy, he was inveterate—eternal. We loved the man, and if we have spoken in a seeming spirit of adulation, the reader will pardon it to the spirit of friendship. T.

APOLOGY.—It is not often we offer apologies for our own errors, they are so frequent and numerous;—we must, however, apologize for a few errors in our last. First, in the article headed Lyceum, in the 8th line, for invest, it should have read *invent.* In the 4th line in the second paragraph of said article, in place of "and it is," should have read, "and is it." Our sentiment was interrogatory, not *declaratory.* The following paragraph we publish entire, as it was written not as it was printed.

THE NEW ENGLAND HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANY.—*Incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut in May, 1846—with a Capital of* $200,000.—We would call the attention of our readers to the benefits afforded by this company, to insure against sickness. The principles of fire and marine Insurance is almost as old as civilization and commerce. Life insurance is of almost recent date, and we have not in our mind the establishment of a Health Insurance Company before this. Insurance against loss by fire is common—and against loss by the perils of the sea is as universal as commerce itself. If it is advantageous to insure against fire, we see no reason why it may not be advantageous to insure against sickness, to which all are liable, and which is more common.

We have full confidence in the office and we think the principle must commend itself to every prudent individual. For further particulars and applications enquire of Thomas P. Green, of Warren, who is Agent for Warren, Brimfield and Palmer.

The New York Journal of Commerce publishes an extract from an English letter, which states that the enterprise of Mr. Southwick, of Danvers, in this State, in making pegged boots in England, is like to prove very successful—yielding 40 or 50 per cent. at wholesale. Hemlock tanned leather, splitting machines, and Yankee pegs, are the elements of his success.

Christmas passed off as usual.

For The Sentinel.

Colonization of Oregon Territory.

CHAPTER I.

The first attempt to settle the above named territory was made by the Spaniards, in 1789, on Nuchatlet or Kendrick's Island, situate in the bend of Nootka Sound.

Armed vessels, farmers, mechanics, missionaries, cattle, agricultural stores, &c., were among the means employed at the commencement of the undertaking.

In 1790, they laid the foundation of another settlement at Nittenat, on the northerly side of the entrance of Fucas Straits. Those settlements in 1792, began to manifest symptons of decay; and to wane under the withering effects of foreign oppression. They continued to decline till 1795, when the colony was entirely broken up. The Spaniards were induced to abandon their rights and possessions in that quarter, from the circumstance of the difficulties with England, which had grown out of the Nootka Sound disturbance.

Their real object was manifestly a perpetual occupancy of the country—to found in it their kind of civil and ecclesiastical Institutions. Their plans, however, were palpably defective—too contracted—too illiberal. Had the colony been continued to the present day, in the full and free exercise of its energies; and under all its possible prosperity, no permanent good, in my apprehension, would have resulted to mankind—wilderness would still be wilderness--indians would still be indians. Moral reforms and improvements in the arts and common business of life, are indeed few, where the light of heaven but dimly shines. These things are better advanced under a commonwealth based on that transcendantly excellent system of morality which the Prince of Peace and compassionate redeemer gave to the world—than under that kind of arbitrary government which military sway, and ecclesiastical rule constitute.

The Spaniards, to have successfully proceeded in the colonization of Oregon should, in the beginning, have invited to the work, enlightened emigrations. Instead of high walls and barred gates, there should have been no hinderances or obstructions to the ingress and egress of the well disposed of any nation. There should have been open and free avenues for all such enterprising and enlightened sons of freedom as might have wished to enter.

Success in the various bnsiness of a new settlement depends as much on a knowledge in the scriptures of divine truth, as on knowledge in natural science, or on skill in the arts; hence it is reasonably inferred that Spaniards, unless of the priesthood, are not qualified to act as pioneers in founding colonies; or as leaders in the high and dignified work of civilizing Indians.

The next attempt to colonize that territory was made by the single individual whose name is here subscribed.

This chapter will be closed with an extract from remarks of the editor of the Boston Times:—

"It was up-hill work. We know well when he was ridiculed as a visionary enthusiast; but he persevered, till, in consequence of his industry and exertions, he persuaded a number of persons to accompany him as colonists. They succeeded—others followed—the land is now held by citizens of the United States, led there by him—he has lost his health and has become almost blind, in the meantime—and all his property was expended in the effort."

HALL J. KELLEY.

Dr. Paschal B. Brooks of Manchester, N. H. aged 41, a few days since eloped with the wife of Mr. E. D. Davis aged 22, leaving a wife and eight children. Mr. and Mrs. D., had been married about eighteen months and were childless. The intimacy between the Docto and Mrs. D. was occasioned by her sickness. After her recovery he went with her to Boston, where Mr. Davis found them sleeping together at one of the hotels, but allowed him to run on paying the sum of $2000,—$1000 of which was to be given to his family and $1000 to Davis. The Doctor fled to Texas and Mrs. D. returned to New Hampshire, where she is to board in the capacity of a *feme sole*, till the thousand is expended. Mr. Davis is one of the Printers of the Manchester Messenger. We know him well as a fellow with a whole heart and of too pure feelings to be treated thus cavalierly by that miserable poltroom Doctor Brooks. When Davis caught them he should have taken not only the money but the *pound of flesh!*—Mrs. Davis is a beautiful black-eyed creature but rather fickle in her affections we should judge.

MR. THOMAS HARDING, of the parish of Newton Nottage, Eng., aged 69, was married to Mrs. Mary Austin, of Pyle, aged 71 years—their united ages being 140 years! It is said that in their youthful days—nearly fifty years ago—they had been "sweethearts," had quarrelled, parted, and had now, after an interval of half a century, redeemed those pledges of affection, which, in the hey-day of their youth, they made to each other.

The Prisoner's Friend, published at Boston, is to be enlarged.

For The Sentinel.

THE PASSING CROWD.—"The passing crowd" is a phrase evinced in the spirit of indifference. Yet to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of the world, what can be more interesting than "the passing *crowd?*" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would suit our admiration by their ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths thro' life. Many would excite our warmest interest, by their suffering—suffering, perhaps, lame, weakly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! unnoticed as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollection of early, happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends, and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early, earnest attachment conceived in the fervor of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for a time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on any proper occasion to swell out in the exercises of the noblest duties.

Though all may seem but a hum after worldly objects, the greater majority of these individuals can, at a proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the being whom their father's have taught them to worship, and whose will, and attributes have been taught to move immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barriers of mere worldly forms were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class, perhaps they are of a superior order, but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kindred. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget much respect is due every impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even when old fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty. Let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling! But even beneath the soiled faced of the poor artisan, there may be aspirations after some rough excellence, which hard fate has denied the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain is it itself enabling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too has had his undegraded days upon the recollection of which some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be weary in thinking that they are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

S. W. G.

Ware, Dec. 8, 1846.

DRINKING FOR A WAGER.—A scene took place in Canonsburg, Penn., which should be a warning to all intemperate men. Three men agreed to drink liquor for a banter. First came a quart, one-half of which was drunk by one of the parties, and the balance divided. The *third* was also delivered, and he who had drank a quart attempted to take the *third* pint, when he sank to rise no more. He lay insensible for a few hours, and then died.

The Weekly Messenger, formerly published at Exeter, N. H., has been removed to the new city of Merrimack, Mass.

THE WIND-WAGON.—We learn, from the Independence Expositor, that Mr. Thomas, who has got at work on a wind-wagon, has got the machine completed, and has given it such a trial as to make its success certain. He run up and down across the plains, found that he could overcome a steep with gentle ascent without difficulty, and that the mole-hills, so numerous on the plains, were no bar to his progress.

The construction of the wagon is very simple. It is a frame made of plank, well braced, and placed edgewise on four axle trees—four wheels to each side—these wheels to be 12 feet or more in diameter and one foot broad—the forward axles, which can be turned just as the forward axle of any wagon with a tongue, by their movement turns the course of the whole concern—two tongues are joined together forward of the wagon and by ropes coming to the wheel similar to the pilot wheel of a steamboat—the wagon is steered by a pilot.

The sails are like the sails and rigging of a ship, each wagon carries its own supply of sail—underneath, a foot or so from the neck of each wagon, the cast iron boxes, &c., will be suspended as ballast. Mr. Thomas expects to convey freight and passengers, and will now engage himself to take freight to Bent's fort or to Santa Fe, in a reasonable time, at $6 per hundred pounds.

He is to have a depot at Bent's Fort, and thence across the other side of the Arkansas he will run another bar within sixty miles of Santa Fe. A gentleman who rode on the wagon says that, with only one sail and a light breeze, it went at the rate of eight miles an hour. Properly rigged, its speed will be about twenty miles an hour.—*St. Louis Repub. Nov.* 30.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the Norwich Courier. The editor says it was communicated by one of the most intelligent gentlemen in Connecticut, now upwards of 80 years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the Army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparation for the defence of the country, he found a great destitution of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgement and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked, we must consult "Brother Jonathan" on the subject.—The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties after arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by word. "We must consult Brother Jonathan." The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation of the whole country, as "John Bull" has for England.

THE PRIVATE EXPRESS CASE.—In the U. S. Circuit Court last evening—case of James M. Thompson, of Springfield, for carrying letters in his Express, contrary to law—the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty." Judge Sprague ruled, 1st, pro forma, that the law giving exclusive right to the Post Office department to transport letters and other mailable matter over post routes is constitutional: 2d, that if the defendant was mistaken as to what was, or was not, mailable matter, his mistake did not excuse him; 3d, but if the defendant gave to his agents bona fide instructions not to carry a letter belonging to the prohibited class, and yet they carried them, in violation of his instructions, and without his knowledge or consent, express or implied, he was liable to the penalty; 4th, if he consented to carrying letters generally of a certain class and falling within the prohibition, although he did not know they were within it, he was liable, notwithstanding he might have no knowledge of the carrying of any *particular* letter of that class.—*Boston Post.*

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT BUFFALO.—At half past 12 o'clock we received the following telegraphic communication from Buffalo:

"We have had a destructive fire, and what is still more distressing, the probable loss of a valuable life. The large store of Messrs. G. B. Walbrige & Co., wholesale produce and commission merchants, No. 28 Main Street, and the two stores adjoining, have been destroyed by fire. Walbridge & Co.'s loss is said to be nineteen thousand dollars, which we are happy to say is covered by insurance.—The loss of the others is put down at eleven thousand dollars, also partially insured.

Mr Henry Bishop, a book-keeper to Messrs. Walbridge & Co., is missing, and it is generally feared that he has perished in the flames."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

The trial of Tirrell is on the 11th of Jan.

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

An auctioneer in a country town, while engaged in his avocation a few days since, thus exalted the merits of a carpet which he was desirous of selling: "Gentlemen and ladies, some people are in the habit of selling carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can most positively assure you that this article was made by Mr. Brussels, himself."

TAKING THE WILL FOR THE DEED.—On opening the will, some time ago, of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following:—"If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Thompson———, but as I have not a sixpence, he must accept the WILL for the DEED."

MORE TROOPS.—The Washington correspondent of the U. S. Gazette reports, that on Monday, a bill authorizing ten additional regiments to the regular army, was to be introduced into Congress.

NINEVEH RE-DISCOVERED.—The very existence of a Nineveh had become little better than an historic dream, but its position has lately been p ut beyond a doubt by the discoveries of an English traveller, who has stumbled upon its ruins, and identified it by its inscriptions, sculptures, etc.

The South Carolina Legislature has adopted a resolution appropriating twenty thousand dollars, to be expended under the direction of the Field Officers, to equip the regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, for service in the war against Mexico.

What is more beautiful in the mind's eye than a youth in the vigor of his days with cheeks radiant as the morning, and a brow brilliant as the sun, with a longnine in his mouth, and a great chew of Tobacco in his cheek?

The value of three things are justly appreciated by three classes of persons.—The value of health by the diseased, the value of riches by the needy.

THE TONGUE.—There is a world of meaning in the following from our old scrap book:—

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes—
What thou speakest and how beware,
Of *whom, to whom, when and where.*

Marriage is at all times a perilous experiment, but Foote defines it as bobbing for a single eel in a barrel of snakes!—Shocking.

PERSPICUITY EXTRA.—Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a garret a "a room on the highest floor of the house," and a cock-loft as 'the room over the garret!'

The *Fall* is so called because it is the time of gathering apples; and the fall of man was occasioned by picking off and eating one.

An experiment of free labor by white people is to be tried in Milledgeville, Ga. A factory is to be started in that place, in which only white persons are to be employed.

It is generally supposed that a Philadelphia lawyer is more than a match for his Satanic majesty. We should like to see it tried.

There is an old maid down East that gets her living entirely by carrying news. She gets a meal for her trouble at every house where she carries her tidings.

A BRAVE THOUGHT ON SUICIDE.—Cicero, in his treatise on old age, says that man is a sentinel placed on his post by God, the great commander of the world, nor can he (man) honorably leave his post, until his commander takes him from it.

BENEFIT OF EARLY RISING.—The life of James T. Evans, of Richmond, Va., was saved last week by his habit of early rising. It is his constant practice to rise at 5 o'clock, and, soon after he got up on Thursday morning, a chimney was blown over, which fell through a sky-light upon the bed in which he had been sleeping.

A SALUTARY CAUTION.—The man who will live above his present circumstances, is in danger of living in a little time much beneath them, or, as the Italian proverb runs, "the man who lives by hope, will die by hunger."

The Southern Standard tells a story of a man in London who determined to spend all he made during the first year in advertising. He soon found that it was impossible, for the simple reason, that the more he advertised, the more he made; and after a strenuous effort to get rid of his money in advertising, he had to give it up.

The Emperor of Russia has established a musical institution at St. Petersburgh M. Vieux Temps, the violinist, has been appointed superintendent. Rubini was first proposed for the honor, but he refused, or rather evaded it, by quitting Russia.

FLOURING IN ST. LOUIS.—There are 14 steam flouring mills in St. Louis, which turn out 2000 barrels of Flour daily—consuming 10,000 bushels of Wheat every twenty-four hours, at a cost of $6000.

SUCCESSFUL ELOPEMENT.—A young man 20 years of age, and a miss of 17, members of Leicester Academy, concluded to get married last week. For this purpose, having obtained leave of absence, they came first, to Boston; and here took the cars for Providence. But not finding the Rhode Islanders quite so accommodating as they expected, they pushed on for New York. Having reached Stonington, they were apprized that by attending a public meeting—and there was one to be held there that day—they might be made one, and no questions asked. They therefore stopped in their flight; and to their present joy, they were publicly pronounced, by the accommodating parson, "husband and wife." Hereupon they retraced their steps forthwith; whether to finish their school education or to enter on the more responsible duties of housekeeping, we are not informed; but we shall be much mistaken if they do not undergo considerable schooling of some kind before this movement of theirs is forgotten.—*Traveller.*

RAPE OF THE LOCK.—A little girl residing in Portland street, and possessing a luxuriant head of hair, on alighting from an omnibus in Broadway, a few evenings since, was accosted by a scoundrel, in the garb of a gentleman, who volunteered to shield her from the rain, as he had an umbrella, and was going the same way.—She accepted his *kind* offer, and when opposite an open hall, he exclaimed, "there is a big, poisonous spider on your back!" and under pretence of removing it, decoyed her into the hall, when he pretended it had crawled under her bonnet, and at his request she took it off. He then attempted to cut off her hair, but she became frightened, ran, escaping his scissors, but leaving her hat (a green silk velvet) in the hands of the villain. A number of instances like this have occurred of late.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FIRES.—On Thursday morning, 17th, a fire broke out in the building occupied by Andrew De Martin, in Church street, New Haven, which swept through the whole range of wooden buildings, on that street, from the Globe building to Leffingwell street, with the exception of one tenement. Some twelve or more occupants were all burnt out; they were principally grocers and victuallers.

A large barn in Hadley, opposite Northampton, belonging to Chester Gaylord, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 17th. Two horses, twenty head of cattle and a number of sheep, besides a large quantity of hay, &c., were burnt with it. The fire was caused by a lantern, carried into the barn by a boy.—*Sprigfield Repub.*

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mrs. Pomeroy, a woman aged about 90 years, who lived at the Upper Water Shops in this town, with no one in the house but her husband, was found dead on Thursday morning of last week, lying on the floor near the door leading to the buttery. She was frozen quite stiff. It is supposed that she got up during the night, and, in going, fell insensible, and that the fall, with her old age and the cold, caused her death. She was the mother of Mr. Simeon Pomeroy.—*Springfield Repub.*

ROBBERY.—Augustus E. Upham, a clerk in the store of A. & E. S. Higgings, carpet dealers in Broad street, New York, was arrested on Friday last, for robbing the safe of his employers of a pocket book containing $600 in bank notes, and other papers of value to the amount of about $40,000. He acknowledged the robbery, and stated that after securing the money, he threw the pocket book into the river.—He is nineteen years old and belongs to a respectable family at the east.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

Trading in Negroes is miserable trade "any way you can fix it," but J. S. Curtis of Memphis, has improved on the ordinary mode of trade, He advertises in the Memphis Eagle that he offers for sale at his "Depot" "100 A No. 1 negroes." His advertisement is in true merchantile style.—Having an agent in North Carolina, Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee, "he will constantly keep on hand a large supply," and advises purchasers "not to trade without calling to see his stock."—*Nashville Orthopolitan.*

CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSION.—The question has been frequently asked whether the explosion of the Atlantic's steam pipe was not caused by too *great head of steam.* We have asked the opinion of a number of gentlemen, familiar with steamboat matters, on this point; and the clear, unanimous sentiment we find to be, that the bursting of the pipe was caused by the *bending of the boat*, bringing an unnatural strain upon the steampipe at the point where it exploded.—*Norwich Courier.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last Thursday, Mr Josiah D. Whitney, an enterprising and industrious mechanic, living in Pepperell, met with his death while moving a grindstone into his shop; his foot slipped, and he fell on his face, the grindstone fell upon the back of his head, which caused his death in about three hours. Mr Whitney was about thirty years of age, and has left behind him a wife and three children.—*Lowell Courier.*

We are daily expecting accounts from the land of battles, of a destructive encounter between the enemy and our troops, as they are presumed to be on their mrrch to a city some hundred miles from the scene of the late battle. Our spirit of revenge has been wrought to its zenith, by the return of a number of our volunteers, who bear the wounds of the former battles,—some of whom express a desire to return to the scene of action as soon as they can be permitted to do so.—The *whole or none*, is the voice of the people at this period of our nation'l crisis. And I presnme the no less chivalrous sons of yankee land, will join in the chorus, and if necessary present their bodies a sacrifice on the altar of our country's independence from the oppressive yoke of Mexican interferance. It gives us no little displeasure to see a disposition in many of our citizens to censure Gen. Taylor for not taking the entire Mexican army as prisoners of war at the expiration of the late battle, instead of doing as he did.—They little think of the vast number of lives, which would unavoidably, have been sacrificed in such a procedure.

We have had a war in the elements, which was waged between "old boreas" and as warm and mild a season as could have been expected in August, and in the conflict, the former dethroned the latter, and now reigns supreme,—by mantling the earth with frost, as often as the moon appears with her innumerable host. And we now, instead of seeing

"The grassy plain and verdant wood,"

behold the

"Sere and yellow leaf."

But when we contemplate the promise of seed time and harvest, we rejoice that on the return of a coming February, we shall be enabled again to appreciate the beauty of the Jessamine, and all that is delightful in the vegetable kingdom.

Yours truly, A. N. K.

We received the above from a brother typo, who left the Northern States some year since, and is now engaged in teaching "the young idea how to shoot something." Success to him.

Answer to the Enigma in our last is Atlantic Ocean. Correctly answered by G. M. S. Answer to the riddle is Candlestick. Answer to the Conundrums is Candle Snuffer, at Endor, He is in action.

The Steamer Mohegan ran ashore in the Cove, about one hundred rods south of the Light at Sand's Point on Saturday evening last.

No Brighton Market received.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Delay is dangerous—neglect that cold and cough a few weeks, and the hope of recovery will be lost to you forever. Let not any pecuniary consideration deter you from trying to save your life and health, while there is a chance. Consumption is annually sweeping off thousands to the tomb; no disease has baffled the skill of Physicians like it; no physician, perhaps, has done more for this suffering class of humanity, than Dr Wistar. An "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," therefore before your lungs become ulcerated, and so diseased that no human means can save you from an early grave, try in season, try at once, a medicine which has been of infinite value to thousands—obtain a bottle of Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry take it, until you have removed the disease entirely, which if neglected will terminate your life. Be not deceived by quacks, with their imitations and counterfeits.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTT'S on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, "*a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice.*"

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

A lady who has suffered with a Lame Back for many years, entirely restored to health after using one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.

Mr G. E. Stanton, Mount Pleasant, March 31, 1845.—Sir—It is with sincere pleasure, that I am able to give my evidence in favor of your invaluable remedy. My wife has for many years been troubled with a severe pain in her back, everything that could be thought of was tried, but nothing seemed to have any effect upon her. Some weeks since, I bought a bottle of Hunt's Liniment, and have applied it thoroughly, and to my great joy, my wife is as well as ever she was. Yours, &c.,

ANDREW LEWIS.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Will those Persons whose accounts have been standing three months or more, please call and settle up to Jan 1, 1847.—Short settlements make long friends.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.

This disease has the strongest claims upon the attention and sympathy of the physician and philanthropist. The habitual dyspeptic is truly miserable. His sallow and anxious countenance, his aversion to social enjoyments; his irritable and sullen silence, and the occasional and overwhelming despondency of mind show him to be the prey of deep and harassing sufferings, of which none but those who have experienced them can form an adequate idea. For Dyspepsia there is no hope; it is dark, discouraging, and cheerless in its progress. It will neither kill the patient nor depart from him. His sleep at night is fitful and unrefreshing—disturbed by strange fantasies and uneasy dreams—while long before morning, he begins to turn from side to side on his comfortless pillow. Though restless, he feels no disposition to rise, but when at length he musters sufficient resolution, he feels such faintness and lassitude, that all motion and business is burden to him.

Let the sufferer use, according to the directions, and he will find immediate relief, and in a very short time a perfect cure. Persons have been cured after having been to springs and other places by the advice of their physician, and have not received and permanent relief until they use the medicine.

BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA & TOMATO BITTERS.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson.

MARRIAGES.

In Monson, Dec. 19, by Austin Fuller, Esq., Mr. Alonzo Mixter to Miss Nancy L. Palmer; Mr. Marshall Bishop to Miss Sarah M. Warriner all of Monson.

DEATHS.

In this town, Dec. 26th, while visiting his friends, Mr. Ananiah Dodge of North Dixmont, Maine, aged 76 years. Printers in Maine and New Hampshire are requested to copy.

In Ware Village, Dec. 12, Mr. A. Peters, merchant, aged 33.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Hampden ss.

IN CHANCERY.

BEFORE E. D. Beach, Esq., Master in Chancery: In the matter of Harry Norris and Thomas Norris, of Monson, in said County, partners in business under the firm of H. & T. Norris, merchants, Insolvent debtors.

To Roswell Blair, Assignee in said case—You are hereby directed to call the third meeting of the creditors of the said Harry and Thomas, to be held at the office of the Subscriber, in Springfield, in said County, on Friday, the 29th day of January next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and to publish notice thereof on two different days in the newspaper called the Palmer Sentinel, printed at Palmer in said County, at which meeting creditors may be present and prove their claims, and the assignee will present and settle his account with said Estate and a dividend of the assets of said Estate will be declared. You are further directed to give notice in writing to all known creditors of said Harry and Thomas, of the holding of said meeting.

And you are further directed to make return at said meeting of this order with your doings herein.

Witness my hand this eighth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six. E. D. BEACH, Master in Chancery.

A true copy of the original order.

(50) Attest, ROSWELL BLAIR, Assignee.

Notice.—The Subscribers for building a Meeting House at this village, are notified that by the terms of the contract for building a house, 25 per cent on the amount to be paid is payable by the middle of January. The Stockholders are requested to pay 25 per cent on the am't of their subscriptions as early as the 11th day of January. Payment may be made to either of the Building Committee, or to C. Torrey, who is authorized to issue certificates for the same.

ISAAC KING,
LAMBERT ALLEN,
ALONZO N. DEWEY,
JOHN WARD,
WM. J. BLANCHARD,
Building Committee.

Palmer Depot, Dec. 28th.

Assessors' Notice.—The subscribers hereby give notice that they will be in session at the new Town House in Palmer, on Monday the 4th of January, next, at one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of taking into consideration the abatement of any taxes which have been wrongfully or illegally assessed upon any person for Polls or property in Palmer, aforesaid, in 1846, at which time and place all such are requested to exhibit the same if any such there are. ABEL CALKINS, } Assessors of
WM. J. BLANCHARD, } Palmer.

JOHN ANTHONY, JR.,

Fashionable Hair Dresser

AND BARBER.

TAKES this opportunity to announce to the inhabitants of Palmer Depot and vicinity, that he has opened a shop in McGilvray's Building, next door to Mechanics' Hall, where he will be happy to wait upon all those, who may favor him with their patronage.

N. B. In connection with the above, J. A. Jr. keeps constantly on hand Confectionary, Nuts, Fruit, &c. &c. 45tf

Palmer Depot, Nov. 19th, 1846.

To Let.

A DWELLING-HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop and tools, situated in the Southeast part of Palmer, on the road leading from Palmer to Brimfield, 3 miles from Palmer Depot, all in good repair.

For farther partiulars enquire of

JOHN FENTON.

Palmer, Dec. 16, 1846. 49-tf

John J. Hall,

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer, and the adjoining towns, that he has opened a

NEW SHOE SHOP,

in Mechanic's Hall, where he will keep constantly on hand, a good supply of work manufactured from the best of materials, among which are—Gents' fine French, and American Calf Boots, made from the best of stock, and by the most experienced workmen. All orders promptly attended to, and repairing done at short notice.

N. B. I wish to be understood that I shall do a Cash business, and shall, therefore, keep no Book Accounts.

Palmer Depot. 49-3m.

Perfumery.

A rich assortment of Colognes, Hair Oils, Perfume Bags, Pungents, Tooth Powders, Toilet, and Shaving Soaps, &c. &c., For sale at A. BLODGETT'S.

The last Call.—All those who are indebted to the subscriber, either by note or book account, are hereby notified that unless they call and settle the same immediately, he will be under the painful necessity of placing them in the hands of an Attorney for collection.

ABNER ALLEN.

Palmer Depot, Dec. 26, 1846. 51tf.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth-Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson L. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.
Benjamin Moore, Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp, Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall, Abraham Miller,
John Strang, Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck, Edmund M. Blunt,
Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

SIR,—Having cured me of a severe attack o-Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't.

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Headley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 110 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 86 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leach, Willbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. C. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

DR. TAYLOR'S

BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver-Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) ISAAC P. BALDWIN.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. TOWNER, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

JOHN GARRET.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. Hy

Notice.

PALMER THIEF SOCIETY will meet at John Allen's Hall the first Monday in January, 1847, at 6 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of choosing officers for the year ensuing, and do any other business that may come before said meeting.

ELIAS TURNER, *Chairman.*

Palmer, Dec. 17, 1846. 50-2t.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

GOOD NEWS TO

Purchasers!!

AT PALMER DEPOT.

BEING aware that the readers of most of the newspapers at the present day, are called upon by merchants to notice partienlarly something they have to say about their MERCHANDIZE WARE-ROOMS, their great facilities for purchasing and selling goods, their very superior advantages over others in the same kind of business; and beheving that the misrepresentations made by many have excited suspicions with the greater part of the candid members of the community, that all is not gold that shines, and that all is not true that is said; the subscriber wishes to inform the people of this section of the country of some things that may prove mutually beneficial, and I shall consider myself responsible for all assertions, so if they are untrue, I trust my customers and those who favor me with a call will report favorably, or adverse as the conclusion they may arrive at will dictate after an examination. I have just made an addition to my store of 48 feet in length, which makes the whole Block to be occupied for the Mercantile business 88 feet long, and the greater part of it 40 feet wide. The 1st apartment to be filled with

HARD-WARE,

Iron and Steel, Nails, Carpenters' Tools, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Dye Woods, Window Glass, and such other articles in this line of business as are usually wanted. The next will be devoted to the

W. I. GOODS,

Flour, Lime, Salt, Pork, Lard and Tea business. The 2d room contains probably as large if not the largest assortment, and as desirable a stock of European and Domestic Goods as ever offered in the county, consisting of nearly every thing in the way of

DRESS GOODS,

Cloakings, Shawls, Silks, White Goods, Laces, Muslins, Damask Goods, Prints, Patches, Tickings, Sheetings, Bleached & Brown; Burlaps, Hosiery, Hdkfs., Scarfs, Fringes, Satchels, Shoes, Umbrellas, and in connection are the small but important articles which the reader is aware are kept in an establishment like the present one. My extensive quantity of Cloths for Gentlemen, Boys' and Children's wear, is, as a matter of course, worthy the attention of all, as they have mostly been purchased at the depreciated prices and are extremely low,—among them are splendid over Coatings, Tweeds, fine Eng., French and American Cloths, for Dress Coats, coarser grades for common wear, Satinets in great variety of styles and qualities, Vestings, Cassimeres, and trimmings to go with the cloths if desired.

Garments made to order in Style and with Despatch.

My CROCKERY,

CARPET

and Glass Ware addition to the before named Goods is truly attractive. The view and examination of which will undoubtedly satisfy the most incredulous that it is no fiction, to state I can sell beautiful

CHINA TEA SETTS,

with all things to match, together with all other Ware at as low a price as the same goods can be bought at retail, at any Crockery store in the Union.

MIRRORS

in Gilt and Mahogany Frames, of a variety of sizes, at a small advance from manufacturers' prices. Glass Ware in any quantity desired, such as Preserve Dishes, Fruit Dishes, in many shapes, Sauce and Cup Plates, Salts, Castors, Tumblers, Solar and common Lamps, Candelabras, Girondoles, Glass Candlesticks, Lanterns all sizes, and an assortment of Toys and Fancy articles. In the same room are CARPETINGS from the lowest to the best grades, which will be sold extremely low; Rugs of various sizes and prices; Wool & Cotton Buckings, Oil Cloths, Stair Carpets and Rods, &c. My stock of FEATHERS will suit all classes of purchasers, being made of best Live Geese down to common Hen's Feathees. In addition to the previously mentioned articles I keep, are the seasonably and desirable things wanted which would properly come under the head of MISCELLANEOUS,—Buff Robes, Fur Skins, Muffs, Winter Gloves, Boots, Shoes, Brogans, Hats, Caps, Horse Blankets, and many articles besides which can be understood easier than expressed.

I have in the foregoing given an idea of my establishment, and would now ask the *favor* of the purchasing community to call and examine and see if these things are so, and hope that our treatment in every respect to those who call will be perfectly satisfactory. I have thus far had many customers from quite a distance, and trust I shall have an increase for time to come, as my inducements at present are greater than previously, and I will assure that portion of my trade, that their most sanguine anticipations shall not be disappointed. I know that my situation in business is as favorable for my customers and myself, as any other person's. I will briefly give my reasons. In the 1st place I intend to purchase as low as possible, in large quantities. My means for getting Goods to my Store incurs as little expense as almost any Store from Boston to Albany. My assortment is as great as that of any store on the Western Railroad, if not in the county. My rents are very light compared with those in Spaingfield or Worcester, or any large place. My outgoes for Clerks for the business I do, is much less than those of concerns where they deal in but one kind of goods. And lastly, I do not intend to give over 3 months credit, making my business principally cash and exchange. To my former customers, I tender my thanks for past patronage and influence, and hope they will continue to favor me so long as I merit their favor.

D. F. McGILVRAY,

Palmer, Depot Store.

POETRY.

A Bachelor's Adventure.

BY SWIGG.

The moon was bright,
The stars were light—
Night flung on her pavillion,
Save in the west
The sun did rest,
And tinged it with deep vermillion.

'Twas summer time—
Each star sublime
Shone out with golden pinion;
To cheer the spell,
When day's farewell,
Gave night the dark dominion.

As home I sped
To go to bed,
I met an angel, nearly—
Cupid, at last,
Had caught me fast,
I swore I loved her dearly.

Each pouting lip,
The bees might sip,
Mistaking them for roses;
The veil was down,
Though in the town,
The form the faces discloses.

I seized her hand,
So well 'twas planned—
A white kid glove did grapple—
If mother Eve
Could thus deceive,
'Twere luck, to eat the apple.

Amd now a kiss
Comes not amiss—
So—ladies do not wonder—
I raised her veil—
Tornadoes!—hail!
A nigger wench, by thunder!

The Constant Lover.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

"Too many Lovers will Puzzle a Maid."

Young Mary had lovers so many that she
Hardly knew on which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely, and promised to be
All worthy of such a sweet bride.

In the morning she'd gossip with Willy, and then
The noon would be spent with young Harry,
The evening with Tom: so among all the men
She never could tell which to marry!
Heigh ho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now, Willy grew jealous and so went away;
And Harry got tired of wooing;
And Tom having teazed her to fix on the day,
Received but a frown for so doing.

So, among all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She pined every night on her pillow,
And meeting one day a pair going to church.
Turned away, and died under a willow!
Heigh ho! I'm afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid!

I Love.

I love but one and she is fair,
I love her for her merits rare.
I love her for her beauty bright—
I love her for her form so light—
I love her for her grace so neat,
I love her for her temper sweet;
I love her for her soul sincere;
I love her for her self so dear;
I love but her, and her alone;
I love, and her I hope to own.

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1 6 5 11 is the name of a lady.
My 2 10 10 11 15 is an amphibious animal.
My 4 3 11 is a curse to mankind.
My 10 15 11 10 is one of the rules of Arithmetic.
My 9 7 3 10 11 is a musical instrument.
My 13 19 4 3 is a town in Berkshire Co.
My 18 16 10 10 19 should be upon every farm.
My 7 16 3 15 19 7 is the name of a plant.
My 18 8 6 16 is an article of clothing.
My 18 8 3 17 10 19 4 is what is useful to merchants.
My whole is a weekly paper printed in New York. M.

Palmer.

Riddle.

My little first has all mankind its foes,
And meets my second whereso'er it goes;
My whole was formed on purpose to annoy
My first, whose life its aim is to destroy.

Conundrums.

Tobit's dog walked neither before him, no behind him, nor on one side of him.—Where did he walk?

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?

If a blunt pen-knife could speak, what order of friars would it mention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Little Embarrassed.

SCENE, STORE. (*Enter Stranger, and shakes Jenkins violently by the hand.*)—"Ah Jenkins, how' d'ye do? How's all your family? How is Mrs J. and the little ones?"

"Pretty well, I thank you," replied Jenkins, "How are all the folks at home?"

"All well, when I left," said the person who had addressed himself to Jenkins in such a friendly manner.

Now Jenkins thought of course, this is an old acquaintance, but for the life of him he could not recollect who he was; but not wishing to appear forgetful of one who made such a friendly inquiries about his family, he continued in conversation and tried to turn it on such topics as would lead him to find out the unknown's name, but it was "no go."

After conversing for some length of time on various subjects, our unknown got up from his chair and astonished Jenkins by asking if he had "got his bill made out?"

Now this was a "poser," for Jenkins had fully made up his mind that he was certainly some old acquaintance. But without saying a word he took down his ledger, and commenced turning over leaf after leaf, but alas! he could not get hold of the right name. So turning round again to our unknown, he observed he had some very queer names in his book.

"Yes," said the stranger, "there are some very queer names we hear of."

"Now," said Jenkins to himself, "I'll find out." So he went on expatiating and enlarging, and talked of every strange name name he had heard of, but it was all in vain.

"If you have got my bill ready," says our tormentor, "I believe I must be going."

Jenkins was now worked up to a frenzy. So at his ledger he went again, and looked at the heading of every account.—At last an idea struck him.

"By the bye," says Jenkins, "I believe I have got your name spelt wrong in my ledger, and I thought I would ask you, how you did spell it."

"O you are joking," said the unknown, "for you must certainly know how it is spelt."

"No I don't," said Jenkins. "I am in earnest, and its rather a curious name that of yours to spell, I have heard many persons try to spell it, but no two spell it the same. And I should really like to know how you do spell it."

"J-O-H-N S-M-I-T-H," said the unknown.

Jenkins fainted.

Our Mothers.

Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that possessed.

Good Society.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society; by good society, we mean not the rich, the proud and fashionable; but the society of the wise, the intelligent and the good. Where you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man, by associating with the low and vulgar—where the ribbald song was inculcated, and the indecent story told to excite laughter, or influence bad passions. Lord Clarendon attributed his success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for moral excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution or on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourselves to a virtuous course—once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

Sunshine.

There is more sunshine than shade—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears in the world.—They who say to the contrary, we would not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart—the tender feelings and the pleasant disposition make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the sad heart—who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind a cloud, to him, who thought he had no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brilliantly it shines along the dark path of life? A thousand such gems make a milky-way on earth, more glorious than the golden cluster above our heads.

It is in the power of all to scatter love and joy, smiles and sunshine everywhere. Who will not do it? Who will not make others happy? Do you, can you realize the blessings of a sunshine life, and withhold the warmth and the light from those about you? Will you throw a shadow over all that is bright and beautiful? No—oh, no—scatter sunshine everywhere, we pray you.—*Portland Tribune.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Barns and Stables.

Barns too should be placed as to make them warm and comfortable for cattle.—They should have a southern, or an eastern aspect, and a cellar should extend under the whole building. For this room the cellar is best in the whole barn, and it is made at less cost than any room that can be made in the building. A farmer who has rocks handy can dig and stone a cellar with labor that is less costly than that of carpenters.

Barn cellars are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the upper parts of the building.

Roots for stock can be kept here and fed out with a great saving of labor compared with storing in the cellar of the dwelling house. And barns may be so finished that hay may be conveniently stored below the barn floor. This is exceedingly convenient when you are in a hurry, and you always are in the afternoon in hay time. For one man may cart home a load and throw it off while the others are left in the field to gather the hay.—When all hands are at home the hay may be levelled down. Rainy weather answers for this business. Barns should always be set on the same side of the road with the house. Yet we find many farmers placing barns and outbuildings on the south side of the road, and directly opposite to the dwelling house. This cuts off the most pleasant prospect that is usually to be had from the south side, or end of the house. It compels you to cross the road many times in a day to see your cattle and feed them. And it exposes you to all the effluvia that is generated in the dung heaps—for in hot weather the winds are southerly.

I would place my barn, hog-pen, and so forth, on the easterly or northerly side of the house, rather than westerly, because the east winds are less prevalent than the west; and when they prevail they are never so charged with putrid matter as west winds that have blown over heaps of manure.

Farm buildings thus arranged may be set quite near together without offence to the nasal organs; many steps are saved in a winter by setting the barn and the hog-pen near the dwelling-house; and you can so arrange them in most cases, as to be able to run to the stock to be fed, under the lea of the buildings, and free from the northwest winds.

In winter the hogs should be under the barn, both for their own comfort and for yours. They will live warm there and you can carry them food when you go to feed the cattle. In the summer a trough may conduct the wash of the dairy directly to the pen, and save you the labor of carrying it by hand.

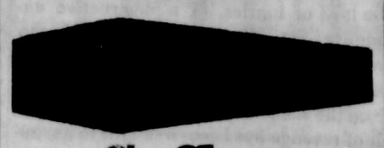
Farmer's Luxuries.

The following remarks upon luxuries, are taken from the Journal of Commerce, and are applicable to the interests of farmers.

It is wonderful how many delicious things may be had from a little land with a little care. Mr F. Griffin brought yesterday half a dozen most beautiful and delicious nectarines, grown in his yard on Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, with a very little trouble, yet we have hardly seen the fruit before in all our lives. Around most farmer's houses in the country, you find very few fruit trees, and perhaps scarcely a shade tree, and certainly no ice houses, while a few hours spent each year in studying the subject and executing plans judiciously formed, would double the enjoyments of life so far as they are found on the table. In New England even with all its intelligence and sagacity there are plenty of farms where a really good apple is not produced, and yet there might be cherries, peaches, pears, plums, and many other things. The people once did something about it, but did not succeed well, because they did not know how to manage the trees. Now the knowledge is within the reach of every body, and the luxuriant fruit *ought* to be.

Cut cart or sled stakes while the bark will "run," and peel them. They are stronger and lighter than stakes with the bark on.

The action of lime is manifold.



Coffins.

THE undersigned since his commencement of business in this village, has frequently been under the necessity of working by night and upon the Sabbath, in order to make coffins, and to have them ready in due season for those who were intending to remove their deceased friends to their family or other burying grounds. He would therefore announce to the inhabitants of Palmer and vicinity, that he is now making and will keep constantly on hand a good supply of ready made coffins, of all sizes and descriptions, such as Cherry, Whitewood, Mahogany, &c., for the convenience of all those who may need. LEBBEUS C. SMITH.
Thorndike village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41

PHILO L. SMITH,

CARRIAGE MAKER.

Light Wagons and Carriages,

OF the latest and most fashionable patterns, made to order at the shortest notice and on *reasonable terms.* Warranted of the best quality in every respect.

Also, Painting, Trimming and Repairing of every variety, done with neatness and despatch.

Those who wish to purchase or order carriages, are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Palmer Depot, Oct. 13, 1846. 40

NEW GOODS!

A LARGE and splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, to be found at the

NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

on the *north side* of the railroad, at prices that cannot fail to suit the purchaser. All who are in want will do well to call before buying.

Also, a large lot of Boots and Shoes—the cheapest in town. 42tf CHARLES SMITH.

$1.500.

WANTED to obtain a loan of fifteen hundred dollars, payable in equal sums from one to seven or ten years, or the whole amount payable in seven years. The gentleman wishing the money is of industrious, temperate habits; and will furnish ample security on unincumbered Real Estate, eligibly located in the eastern part of the County, and of the estimated value of considerable more than twice the amount of the desired loan.
For further particulars enquire of C. TORREY.
Palmer Depot, Nov. 19, 1846. tf

Removal!

THE subscriber has removed to more spacious rooms in McGILVRAY'S BLOCK, where he will continue to manufacture Gents'

GARMENTS

of all descriptions, in the latest and most becoming styles.

In returning my sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been bestowed on me, since my commencement in this village, I would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
J. D. BARBER.
Palmer Depot, Nov. 4, 1846. 43

Oysters.

THE subscriber has made arrangements for a constant supply of fresh Oysters, forwarded daily from New Haven by railroad express, which he will sell in quantities to suit customers at the lowest prices.

Tavern keepers, and persons buying to sell again, supplied on liberal terms.

Orders from abroad will be promptly attended to, and the *Goods* forwarded at short notice.
A. BLODGETT.
Palmer Depot, Oct. 15, 1846.

DR. A. G. WHITE,

—OFFERS HIS SERVICES AS—

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

To the citizens of Palmer and vicinity.
(Office—at Three Rivers, near the Post Office.)
Palmer, (Three Rivers,) Oct. 25, 1846. 42

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.
Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

Watches.

BRING on those WATCHES and have them put in good repair. Remember that for the few cents you will pay for the work you will receive a hundred per cent. in consequence of having a good timekeeper. Remember also, that *time* is money, therefore do not delay. Shop nearly opposite the Bank.
L. BABCOCK.
Ware Village, Oct. 20, 1846. 41-2m

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,
North side of the Railroad,
PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches And Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

N. H. Down's

Vegetable Balsamic Elixir,

AN almost sure relief for Lung Complaints.—Certificates of its superiority over most other Elixirs, can be seen at the subscriber's store—it needs no puffing. Invalids try one small bottle, then you will know its goodness. For sale by
D. F. McGILVRAY.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.
D. F. McGILVRAY.
Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL persons visiting this place are particularly invited to call and see my splendid stock of Goods, which is made of rom the smallest and less important article to the largest and most desirable article, which is kept for sale in almost any establishment. Goods warranted to be what they are represented. D. F. McGILVRAY.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by
McGILVRAY.

Iron & Steel,

AND a general assortment of Hard Ware is now for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American public.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 3 1-8 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

To Married Ladies.—Married Ladies are almost invariably subject to that painful and injurious disease, the Piles, with consequent Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels and Spine, weakness of the Back, flow of Blood to the Head, &c. The Electuary is perfectly safe for Pregnant Ladies, and the most useful Cathartic that can possibly be used, as it will not only remove the Piles and all Inflammatory diseases, *without pain or irritation*, but will ensure an easy time, a safe delivery, and a sound constitution in the offspring.

Cure for Life Guarantied.—The Electuary contains *no Mineral Medicine; no Aloes, Colocynth, Gamboge*, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions *a cure for life is guarantied.*

Pamphlets, giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of agents, grats.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street, Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 12

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE.

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or

VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books,	Programmes,	Circulars,
Catalogues,	Shop Bills	Blanks,
Pamphlets,	Tickets,	Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. P. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

New Arrangement!

THE subscriber has completed his store which is 88 by 40 feet, and is filling the same with new and desirable Goods, which will constitute the largest stock of the kind in the county, consisting of Hard Ware, Iron and Steel, W. I Goods, Flour, Salt, Grain. Dry Goods in a great variety truly worthy the attention of all. Carpetings, Crockery, Glass and China Ware in first rate styles and unprecedented low prices. Feathers of all kinds, &c.

People from a distance coming to this place to trade, will not have it to say that my advertisement is larger than my stock. Please give me a call and you shall be well treated. All Goods not proving as represented as to quality and price, can be returned and the money refunded.
D. F. McGILVRAY
Depot Store.

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.
D. F. McGILVRAY.

HEALTH! HEALTH!!

Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla

AND WILD CHERRY.

This extract of SARSAPARILLA and WILD CHERRY is a speedy remedy for Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, and all such diseases as take their rise in an impure state of the blood—impaired digestion—morbid state of the Stomach—weakness of the Nervous system, and a disordered and debilitated constitution.

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters have already, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation.

In Dr Wood's standard preparation, Sarsaparilla is warranted to be found in great purity and strength, and gaining much by its union with the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their virtues extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy. This preparation will be found on trial, to be a sure and speedy remedy for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, secure regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once securing

HEALTH AND VIGOR

to the whole system. In all cases of

DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS

arising from Indigestion or Nervous irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for Headache, Flatulency, Loss of appetite, and a *general prostration of the system.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

READ THIS.

[From the Daily Evening Bulletin.]

It is not our custom to puff Patent Medicines unless we know them to be really excellent.—Having ourselves a knowledge of Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and having several friends who have been benefitted by their use, we do not hesitate to recommend them to the public. Both Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry are articles of established reputation in the medical world and this preparation is made with great care, and appears to combine all the medicinal qualities of both in an unusual manner. Any one suffering from diseases of the blood, indigestion or Headache, would do well to give these bitters a trial.

[From the New Bedford Register.]

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters.—The respectability of gentlemen in this town and vicinity, who testify to the benefits, within their personal knowledge, derived from the use of this compound of Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry, is such as to put at rest all doubts as to the value of these extracts to those suffering from Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, or Scrofulous diseases.

[From the Boston Daily Times.]

Headache.—One of the best remedies that we have heard of for this distressing complaint, with its origin Indigestion, is Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, which combines all the advantages of the tonic and aperient medicines of the day, and is free from many of their disadvantages.

[From the Boston Daily Mail.]

A New and excellent remedy.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of a new and efficacious remedy, Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. Although this fine preparation has only been offered for sale during the past year, it has already won the confidence of the public, as a most skilfully prepared, and delightful combination of two of the safest and most active remedial agents in the world.

[From the Plymouth Rock.]

Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters.—We do not make it a practice to give a good name to medicines, unless satisfied of their curative powers. But from all the evidence we can gather concerning Dr Wood's Sarsaparila and Wild Cherry Bitters, we are convinced that it will do all its proprietor assumes for it. Within our acquaintance are gentlemen who have derived much benefit from its use; and our advice to all persons afflicted with any of the complaints for which this compound in recommended, is to call on his agent, J. T. Hall, and procure a bottle.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Be particular and ask for Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.—This is the first preparation of Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry combined, ever offered to the public, and the great success attending its use has induced the unprincipled to counterfeit it. As a preventive, see that the bottles have the words Dr Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters pressed on the glass, and as a further protection, each label on the bottle will be signed by the proprietor, E. Thornton, Jr. Take these precautions, and you will get the genuine article. ELISHA THORNTON Jr, Manufacturer and sole Proprietor, New Bedford,—where all orders must be directed.

Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

Only Agent at Palmer Depot, D. F. McGILVRAY; Thorndike Village, H. G. Hale; Three Rivers, A. Brown: Ware Village, W. S. Brakenridge: and sold by agents throughout New England. 50-1y hti&hto.

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

J. S. HOUGHTON, 130 Washington street Boston, General agent for the New England States.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by dealers in medicine generally. 11-1y